

change of diet

I haven't been able to sleep  
since she left  
it could be habit  
as much as love  
or anything else.

the carcass of our life  
is hung before my eyes  
swinging from a hook  
like a steer in a  
slaughterhouse  
& I keep turning it  
inspecting it  
tearing off hunks of meat  
& jamming them inside  
fisting them into my mouth  
like a hungry kid.

no matter how much I eat  
the bones never poke thru  
the more meat I pull off  
the more I see  
the thing grows before my eyes.

I need a change of diet  
need to stop feeding the thing  
that's feeding on me.

-- Al Masarik

San Francisco CA

catalogue  
zinnias

in  
color tv  
colors

weddings

sly  
as  
pigs  
eating  
cake  
dressed  
in  
veils

girls  
small  
or beefy  
in yellow  
socks  
& bows

beans  
a row  
of  
green  
baskets  
& brooms